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# ANIMAL

## comics





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

# SNOW-NOSE

THE PRAIRIE PUP

Father Prairie Dog was worried about his youngest pup. Snow-nose, named because the tip of his nose was as white as if a snow flake had dropped on it, was just about the snooziest young pup in the prairie dog colony on the far western plains.

"One of these days your snooping is going to get you into real trouble, young man," scolded Father Dog. But all his scolding was to no avail, for Snow-nose kept on sticking the tip of his little white nose into other prairie dogs' mounds, and just making a general nuisance of himself.

Finally one morning Snow-nose awoke to find that a prairie schooner had rested near the colony during the night.

"Now, here is a chance to see something new," thought Snow-nose. Many a time he had watched the long lines of prairie schooners carrying the people who sought new homes in the West, but never had he been near enough to one to see what they were really like. He hopped out of the mound and, perching on his little hind legs, watched carefully as a man appeared at the back of the wagon and began scooping oats out of a large box with which to feed the horses.

As the man disappeared around the side of the wagon, Snow-nose scurried over to the box and popped inside.

"M-m-m, this smells like something good," he said, as he sniffed the oats. "Just the thing for breakfast." And he took one nibble, and then another.

Just then he heard the footsteps of someone approaching and quickly burrowed down into the oats. As he held his breath he heard the lid of the box slam shut and the catch lock. Then be-



fore he could make a sound the wheels of the great schooner began to slowly turn, and the wagon rocked gently from side to side as the caravan moved on.

Snow-nose hawled and bailed inside the box in an attempt to make himself heard, but he was carried further and further away from the prairie dog colony.

"Oh dear," he sighed, "now what shall I do? I may never see my home again." And a tear slid down his cheek and dripped off the tip of his little white nose.

Now back home there was great excitement among the mounds when they discovered Snow-nose was missing, for though he was a snoopy little puppy, he was still a great favorite among the prairie dogs. No one knew of his whereabouts, and finally Banja Eyes, the friendly owl who shared the mound with Snow-nose's family, offered to go in search of him.

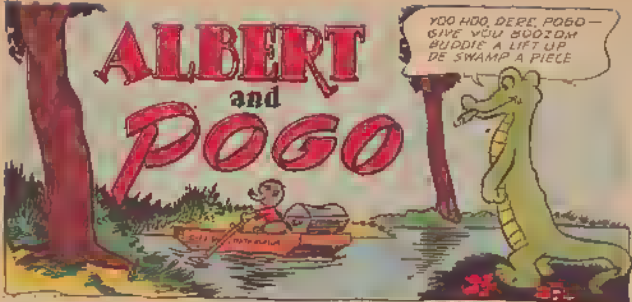
"Oh, thank you, Banja Eyes," cried the worried Mother Dog. "What a good friend you are."

"Save your thanks until I find him, Mother Dog," said Banja Eyes and he lifted his huge wings and sailed up into the sky, then disappeared behind the purple hills.

(Continued on inside back cover.)

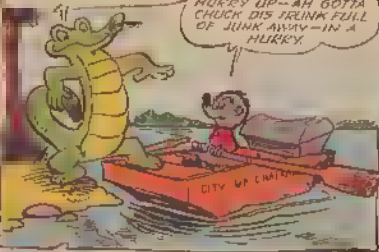
# ALBERT and POGO

YOO HOO, DERE, POGO—  
GIVE YOU BOOZUM  
BUDDIE A LIFT UP  
DE SWAMP A PIECE



DON'T WANT TO SLIP... AH JEST WASH  
MA FEET'S AN' AH DOAN WANT TO  
GIT 'EM MUDDIED UP

HURRY UP—AH GOTTA  
CHUCK DIS FRINK FULL  
OF JUNK AWAY—IN A  
HURRY.



WHY IN DE WORL' DON'T YOU  
JEST SLUG 'EM OVERBOARD?

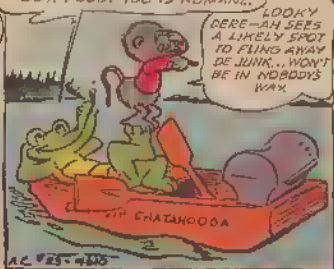
OW, DEY IS A SMITTERIN'  
OF THINGS IN DE  
TRUNK WHUT WOULD  
MESS UP DE  
CATFISHIN'.



DEY IS SOME ON' EGG BEATERS,  
A WORE OUT BEAR TRAP, A  
COUPLE BOTTLES OF FARSHIP WINE  
WHUT GONE STALE AN' A PITCHER  
OF MA AUNT PEONY... ANY ONE  
OF DEM FINGS COULD KILL OFF  
DE FISHER.

YOU DE BES' FRIEND DE CATFISHES  
GOT, POGO! YOU IS HUMANE.

LOOKY  
DERE—AH SEES  
A LIKELY SPOT  
TO FLING AWAY  
DE JUNK... WON'T  
BE IN NOBODY'S  
WAY.



WHILE YOU  
UP DER,  
POGO, AH  
PRACTICES  
A COUPLE  
ORIENTAL  
TRICKS



NIX ON  
DE TRICKS,  
ALBERT



DOPS - YOU SLIPPED!

OOF!

SKRUNCH!



BOUNCE!



SHOOH!

HEY!

CHOMP!



WELL, DAT'S DAT - DE LOCK  
SPRAND SHUT.



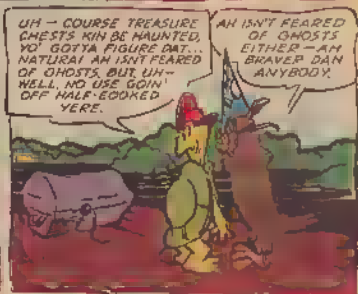
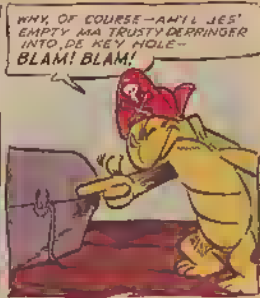
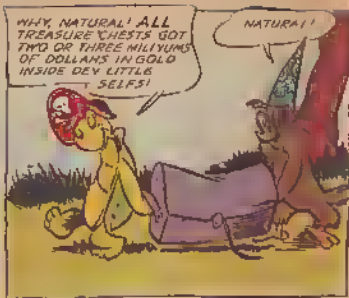
OF CHATANOOGA

DISH YERE TAIL IS YOU  
SOLE CONTACT WIF DE  
OUTSIDE WOLF, POGO -  
YOU IS DE VICTIM OF  
A ORIENTAL TRICK



CHATANOOGA





MEBBE US JES' EE-MAGINED  
DAT WE HEARED A VOICE  
COME OUTEN DERE— AN'  
WHUT IS DAT OL' HUNK  
OF LEATHER STRAP  
HANGIN' OUT?



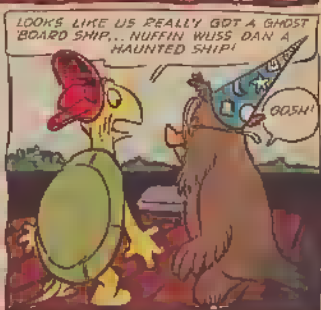
AH DUNNO—MEBBE SHE'S  
A DINGUS FO' PULLIN'  
OPEN DE TRUNK. LETS  
YANK ON IT AN' IF IT  
DONT WORK US  
CUTS HER OFF!



NO•NO•NO•  
AM STRIKELY  
FO'BIDS IT—  
NO•NO•NO!



LOOKS LIKE US REALLY GOT A GHOST  
'BOARD SHIP... NUFFIN WUSS DAN A  
HAUNTED SHIP!



NATURAL DE FUST CONSIDERATION OF A  
CAPTAIN IS FO' DE SAFETY OF DE SHIP—  
SO AM COMMANDS DE CREW TO CHUCK  
OVABOARD DE CHEST!



WHAT  
CREW?

YOU! DAT'S  
WHO!

AH ISN'T NO CREW—  
AH'S A PASSENGER...  
YOU CHUCK OVER  
DE CHEST!





NOT ME! DE CAP'N IS  
DONE OVERPOWERED BY  
A MUTINY HONGST  
DE CREW

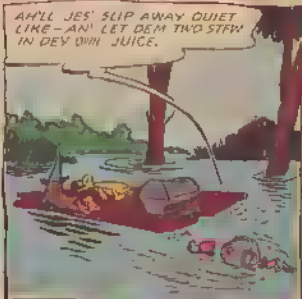
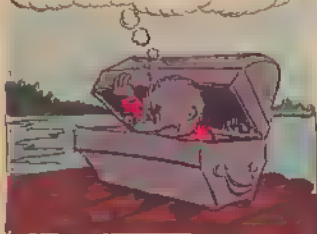
WELL A PASSENGER WHO  
IS MISTOOK FO' DE CREW  
IS BEEN CHUCKED INTO  
IRONS AN' CAIN'T LIFT  
A FINGER

MISSE AN' KIN - CA  
DE LOCK NEE NA  
TAIN BONE



LOOKY DERE! DEM TWO NO-GOODS IS  
LAYIN' 'ROUN' TRYIN' TO GIT EACH  
OTHER TO TETCH DE HAUNTED  
CHEST!

AH'LL JES' SLIP AWAY QUIET  
LIKE - AN' LET DEM TWO STEW  
IN DEY OWN JUICE.



YOU KNOW, US BETTER GIVE DE  
CHEST DECENT BURIAL... DEN US  
WON'T BE HAUNTED FO' DE NEXT  
2000 YEARS.

DAT'S A  
GOOD IDEE.

DAT'S IT YO' HOOKS  
IT OFF WIF YOUR STICK  
AN' AH PUSHES WIF  
MINE.

AH DON'T MEER  
TO TETCH IT





HI, DERE, ALBERT!  
LISSEN AT OUR  
FASCINATIN' AND  
EDUCATIONAL  
ADVENTURE!

AN AINT GOT TIME TO  
LISSEN TO YOU SHORTIES  
TEH! TALI TAI ES... POGO  
DONE BEEN ABDUCTED  
BY FIENDS—SEE  
DEY FEET MARKS!

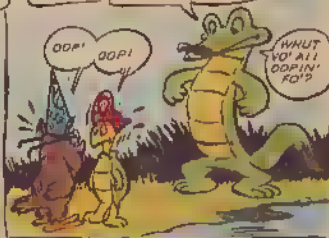
MAN, MAN! DEM IS CRIMINAL  
FEET PRINTS DID I EVER  
SEE ANY!

CUH PRITS!  
POGO LY DEM  
IS MANIACS!



DEM SCAMPS ABDUCTED FO' LI'L POGO  
IN A TRUNK... AH WAS IN HIS HOUSE  
LOOKIN' FO' DE KEY 'CAUSE HE WAS  
UNFORTUNATE LOCKED INSIDE DE TRUNK  
AN' OFF DEY TOOK HIM...

AH GONNA PUT IN A CALL FO' DE  
UNINETY STATES MARINES, DE FBI B  
AN' DE LOCAL FIRE DEPARTMENT!



US WILL CONFESS DE HORRIBLE  
TRAGEDY! WE DID IT! OH, HOW  
CROOL—US DIDN'T KNOW POGO  
INSIDE! OH, WOE IS US—WOE,  
WOE, WOE!

IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW, WHUT'S  
DE MATTER!? US JES GO  
GIT DE TRUNK AN' LET  
POGO OUT

US MURDERERS!  
US BURIED DE  
TRUNK SIX FEET  
UNDER DE SOIL!



WHERE! WHERE!? QUICK!  
US GOTTA DIG UP HIM—  
FO' HE SUFFERGATES!

DAT  
WAY

DISH  
WAY

UH-WELL, WHICH  
WAY WAS IT? AH  
LEAVE IT TO YO'  
SUPERIOR KNOW  
LEDGE OF DE  
COMPASS

AH—WELL—  
UM—US IS  
CONFUSED!

YOU IS SUPPOSE TO  
BE SO SMART, OWL.  
GIT BUSY WIF YO'  
MAGIC AN' FIND DAT  
PLACE OR AH WILL  
PERSONAL BURY YOU  
MASELF!

SINCE YOU REQUESTS ME, AH  
WILL TAKE CHARGE OF DE  
SEARCH! FUST AH  
GITS A WILLER  
WAND

FOLLOW DE MASTER!  
AH CLOSES MA PEEPEERS  
AN' WHEN DE WAND  
DROPS DERE IS DE  
PLACE

OWL!

US SCIENTISTS LOW OURSELVES A  
LITTLE MARGIN, FO' ERROR,  
SO KEEP YOU SEATS—DE  
EXHIBITION ISN'T OVER!

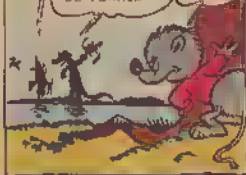
FIND DAT SPOT,  
OWL! OL ALBERT  
HOLDIN' ME  
FO' HOSTAGE

HERE'S DE PLACE!  
DE WAND DONE  
SUNK!

AM DON'T KEER U' DE  
LESSER STRIPED EERIO  
DID TROMP ON DE  
WAND... WHEREVER  
IT POINTS DOWN  
DAT'S DE PLACE

IF IT AINT, AM  
WHOPS YO' WIF  
DE TURKLE!

HMM...

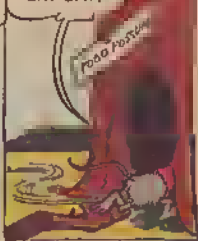


SEEMS AS IF AM KIN  
GET EVEN WIF ALBERT  
FO' EATIN' ALL MA  
OODIES AN' WIF CAPN  
CHURCHY AN' DE OWL  
ALL AT ONCE!



ALL AM NEEDS IS A  
TABLE CLOTH—HOPE  
ALBERT DIDN'T  
EAT DAT!

POOD POOD



MA SAKES, BUT ALBERT MADE  
A MESS OF DISH YERE PLACE!  
AM WILL TIE DESE BED SPRINGS  
ON MA FEET—DEN WIF  
A TABLE CLOTH—



AM MAKES A PERTY  
TOLERABLE GHOST!



DID, YOU DANG! AN'  
IF YOU DON'T FIND  
DE CHEST, YO' IS  
CARVIN' OUT YO'  
OWN MAUSOLEUM!

YOWIE! LOOKIE! SUMPIN'  
HORRIBLE COMIN' UNDER  
PULL SAIL!

WHOOOOOOO



HERE AH COMES! DE GHOST  
OF PO' POGO!



GANGWAY!

HALP!

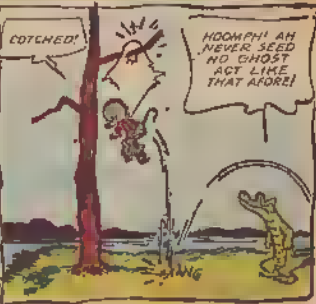


WOOF! AH IS OUT  
OF CONTROL!



COTCHED!

HOOMPH! AH  
NEVER SEED  
NO GHOST  
ACT LIKE  
THAT AFORE!



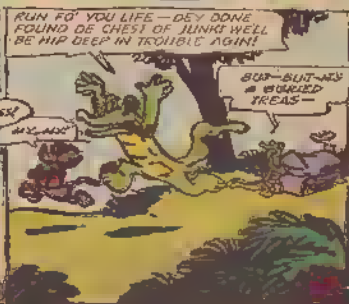
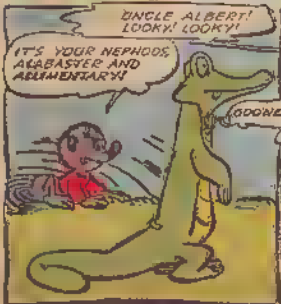
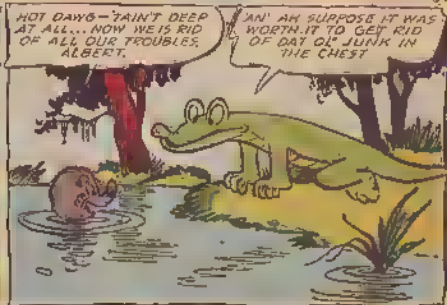
GIT ME DOWN,  
ALBERT. DEM  
OTHER TWO  
LIL RASCALS  
WAS DE ONES  
I WAS AFTER

POGO, YOU IS DE WUSS  
ONE 'FO' GITTIN' IN  
SCRAPES—MMMHP!  
YOU DON'T COME  
LOOSE SO GOOD.

WELL, MR.  
ONKIE LOOKS  
ONCE YOU'S  
COME ALONG  
UP!

YOU IS  
CHOKIN' MA  
NECK TO  
DEATH!





# Freddy Frog



"Now Freddy," said the mother frog  
To Freddy Frog, her son.



"I wish that when you go about  
You'd jump instead of run."



"It's so utterly un-frog-like  
To go trotting to and fro."



"Why you're acting like a human  
And that's hardly nice you know!"



"But that's the way I like it,"  
Answered Freddy with a smile.



"Besides I like a change of scene  
When I've been out a while."



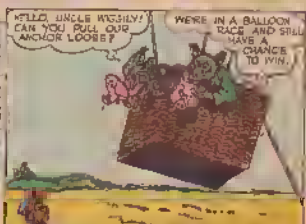
"And then I find that jumping  
Keeps me just where I have been"



"For every time that I jump up  
I just fall down again!"



# THE WIGGLY



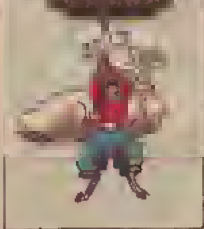
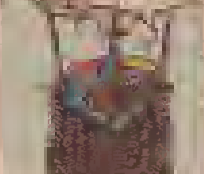
HEH, HEH! I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE TOO WISE TO GET  
CAUGHT SO EASILY, UNCLE  
WAGGLEY.



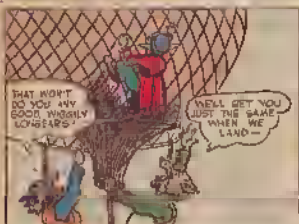
NO HO! PRETTY  
GOOD FISHING,  
I'LL SAY!



PULL EM IN, WOLF, A' BOY!  
A COUPLE OF  
BUCKERS! HA, HA.

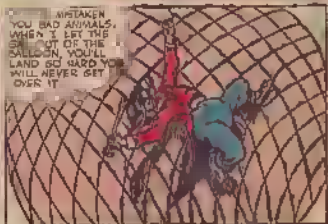


AND NOW WE'LL  
TIE YOU UP!  
YOU TWO WILL  
MAKE A FINE  
RABBIT STEW WHEN  
WE LAND



THAT WON'T  
DO YOU ANY  
GOOD WAGGLEY  
LONGEARS!

WE'LL GET YOU  
JUST THE SAME  
WHEN WE  
LAND—



MISTAKEN  
YOU BAD ANIMALS.  
WHEN I LET THE  
SAIL OUT OF THE  
SALOON, YOU'LL  
LAND SO HARD YOU  
WILL NEVER GET  
OVER IT

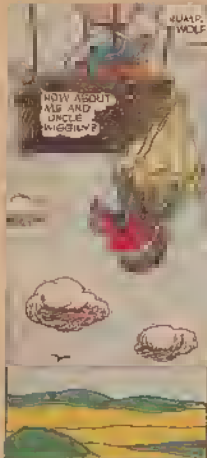


WOLF: HE'S STUCK A PIN INTO IT!  
THE GAS IS ESCAPING.



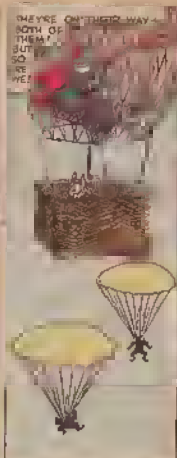
WE'LL  
CRASH!

QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO  
BAIL OUT



JUMP, WOLF

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY -  
BOTH OF THEM!  
BUT SO  
ARE WE!



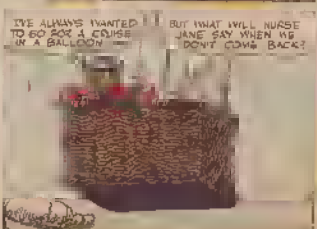
DON'T WORRY, SAMMIE -  
NO MORE GAS IS  
ESCAPING.



AND AS SOON AS I JUMP THIS KEG  
OF NAILS OVERBOARD, THE BALLOON  
WILL STOP FALLING.



DOOH! WE'RE  
FALLING UP,  
NOW.



BUT WHAT WILL NURSE  
JANE SAY WHEN WE  
DON'T COME BACK?

NURSE JANE? SHE'LL SAY, 'THAT'S JUST LIKE WIGGILY LONGEARS! I NEVER CAN KEEP TRACK OF HIM.'

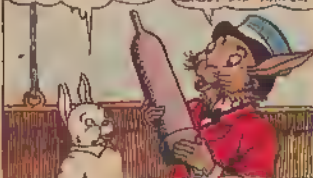


LOOK, UNCLE WIGGILY - ROLLER SKATES, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS, TACKS, ETC.!



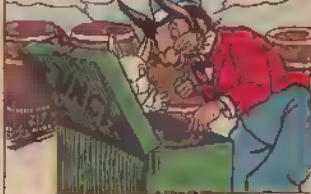
WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BAD ANIMALS GOT THEM, UNCLE WIGGILY?

FROM THE PEOPLE THEY CAUGHT AND ROBBED AS THEY ALMOST DID WITH US.



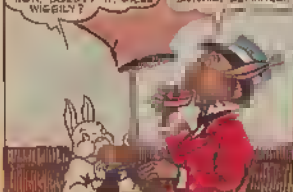
OH BOY! CAKE, PIES, AND COOKIES -

AND CHERRY TARTS!



IT ALL BELONGS TO US NOW, DOESN'T IT, UNCLE WIGGILY?

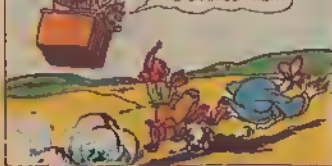
I DEFINITELY, SAWWIE, DEFINITELY.



HELP! HELP! AWWWK!

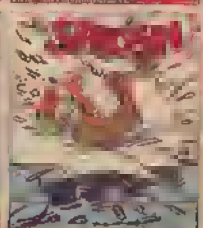


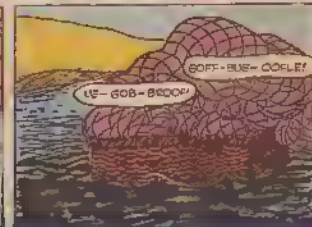
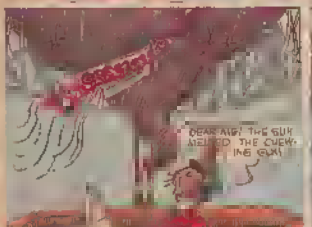
IT'S GRANDMA GOOSEY SANDER AND THAT BAD TRAMP BOBCAT! WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE HE CATCHES HER!

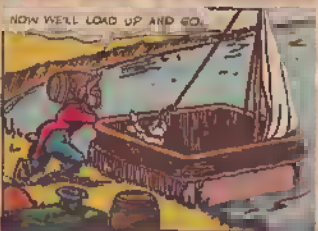
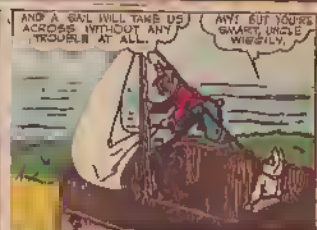
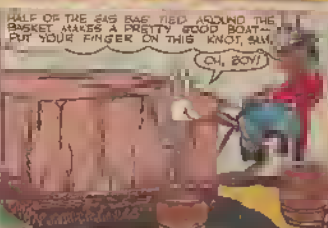
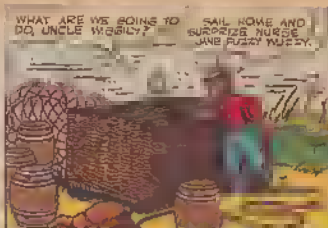
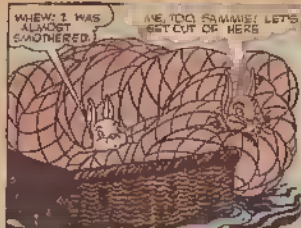


THIS IS THE KIND OF FISHING I LIKE - IF ONLY I DIDN'T MISS!

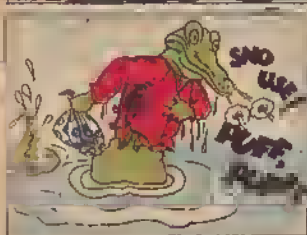
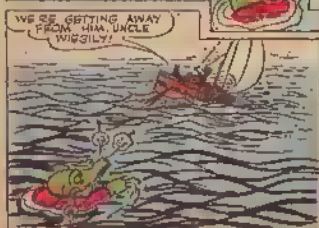
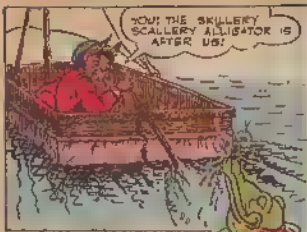




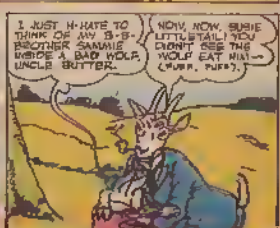
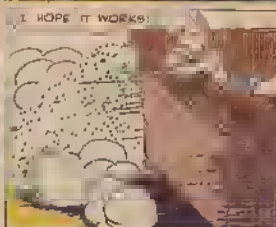
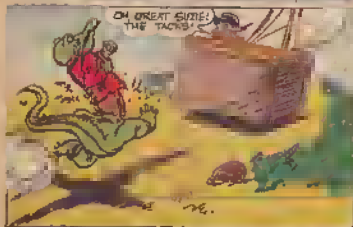


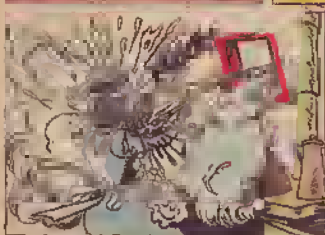
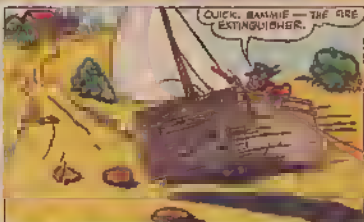
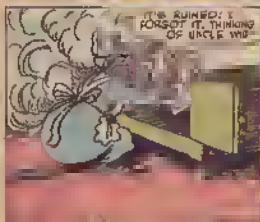
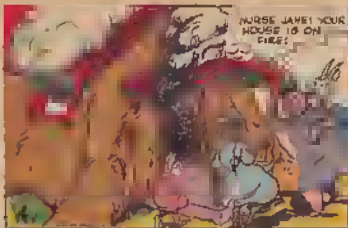










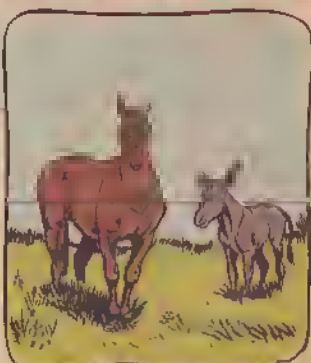




# *The* **DONKEY'S**



BY GOSH THERE'S BEEN A  
JAIL BREAK!" SAID THE  
DONKEY TO THE HARE.



"WHO TOLD YOU?" ANSWERED  
DOBBIN. "I SEE NONE ANY-  
WHERE."

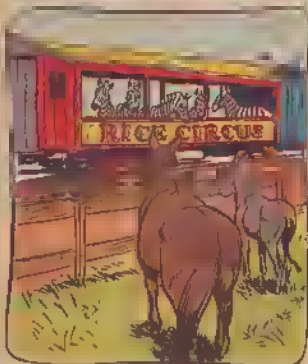


"JUST FOLLOW ME!" THE  
DONKEY CRIED AND BROKE  
INTO A RUN.



OLD DOBBIN JOGGED ALONG  
BEHIND SO NOT TO MISS  
THE FUN.

# DILEMMA



"THERE! OVER IN THAT FREIGHT CAR!" THE DONKEY POINTED OUT-



"HA, HA YOU SILLY DONKEY," LAUGHED DOBBIN WITH A SHOUT-



"WHAT MADE YOU THINK THAT ZEBRAS HAD EVER BEEN IN JAIL?"



"THOSE STRIPES," THE DONKEY WHISPERED AND BLUSHED DOWN TO HIS TAIL.

# ROVER

**R**OVER AND RED, REUNITED NOW AFTER ROVER'S ESCAPE FROM THE HARD-HANDED MINE BOSS, ARE ONCE AGAIN ON THE OPEN ROAD, ROVING THE TOWNS AND COUNTRY.



AND SO THEY COME ONE BRIGHT SUNNY MORNING TO THE BANKS OF THE BIG RIVER, ROLLING ALONG THROUGH THE HEART OF THE WOODS.



'THERE SHE IS, BOY,' SAID RED, 'THE BIGGEST RIVER OF 'EM ALL AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA WE MIGHT ENJOY SAILING ON HER.'



DOWN ALONG THE BANKS THEY WALKED, THROUGH THE THINNING FOREST AND—



INTO A LITTLE RIVERSIDE TOWN, QUIET AND BLEEPY ON THE RIVERBANK.



RED KID DROPPED HIS BAG AND THEN THEY SET OUT TO LOOK FOR WORK, DOWN BY THE WATERSIDE.



NOW AND THEN THEY PAUSED TO EXAMINE THE STEAMERS, BUSY PUSHING BARGES OR TIED UP QUIETLY ON THE SIDE.



IT WAS HERE THAT RED AND ROVER CAME ON A STEAMER. THE CAPTAIN WAS LOUNGING AGAINST A RAIL. "THIS MIGHT BE IT, BOY," SAID RED.



SAY, SNIPPER, CALLED RED. "HOW ARE THE CHANCES FOR A JOB FOR A GOOD MAN AND -



A REAL DOG? YOU HAVE NO OBJECTION TO A TEAM LIKE THAT, HAVE YOU?"



HAH, THE CAPTAIN SMILED - "WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, WE DO NEED A MAN, AND AS TO OBJECTING TO DOGS I DON'T KNOW!"



"HOWEVER DON'T GO AWAY NOW  
TILL I CHECK WITH MY MATE,"  
AND HE TURNED TO CALL,  
"HEY, CHIPPER!"



RED WAS STARTLED TO SEE A  
LITTLE GIRL OF ABOUT TEN  
OPEN A DOOR AND ANSWER  
"YES, DAD?"



"CHIPPER" ASKED THE CAPTAIN,  
"YOU THINK WE COULD ALLOW  
A DOG ABOARD—ONE LIKE THAT,"  
AND HE POINTED AT ROVER.



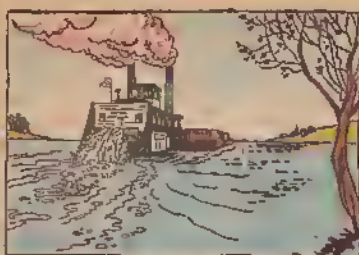
"OH, DAD, YOU KNOW WE COULD,"  
AND SHE BENT TO PAT ROVER  
WHO HAD JUMPED ABOARD  
WHEN SHE CALLED HIM.



"WELL, BOY" SAID RED, "LOOKS  
TO ME LIKE YOU'RE GOIN' TO BE  
TOP HAND ON THIS PACKET."



"THE GIRL'S MIGHTY FOND OF DOGS,"  
EXPLAINED THE CAPTAIN, "AND  
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOIN'  
TO GET HER ONE HOUND OF COURSE."



BUT HOUND OR NOT, ROVER WAS CHIPPER'S FAVORITE. AND AS THE STEAMER PUSHED HER STRING OF BARGES SOUTH THEY BECAME FAST FRIENDS.



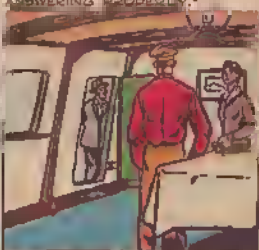
OF COURSE THIS WAS A GREAT TIME FOR CHIPPER AND HER MOTHER TO DO A LITTLE FLOWER PICKING—BUT ROVER HAD TO STAY BEHIND.



BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE GIRL, AND AS THE SUN MOVED TO NOON THE SKIPPER GREW WORRIED.



THEN ONE MORNING JUST AFTER BREAKFAST, THE PILOT CALLED TO THE CAPTAIN—'CAPT. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TIE UP—WHEEL'S NOT ANSWERING PROPERLY.'



'NOW WHERE'S CHIPPER?' ASKED THE SKIPPER AS HE MET HIS WIFE COMING ON. 'WHY SHE MUST BE ABOARD. I HAVEN'T SEEN HER. SHE LEFT ME.'



'BY GEORGE, I DON'T LIKE THIS,' HE TOLD HIS WIFE WHO HAD BEEN CALLING IN THE NEARBY WOODS. 'I DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL.'





"CAP'N," INTERRUPTED THE PILOT, "THAT GIRL'S LOST! WHY NOT ASK THIS FARMER NEARBY TO TRACK HER DOWN WITH HIS HOUNDS?"



"LET ME TRY ROVER," CAP'N, "PLEASED RED. NO RED, THIS JOB CALLS FOR REAL DOGS—HUNTING HOUNDS."



"I'D LIKE TO TRY HIM—BUT, WELL, HE'S SUCH A LITTLE DOG, AND THESE ARE TRAINED HOUNDS!"



BUT THE SEARCH WAS FUTILE. "CAN" TRACK ANYBODY IN THAT SWAMP CAP'N. NOT EVEN THESE DOGS WERE ABLE," REPORTED THE FARMER.



"CAP'N—PLEASE, JUST LET ME TRY WITH ROVER?" ASKED RED. "WELL, ALL RIGHT, RED," ANSWERED THE WORRIED FATHER. "GO AHEAD."



NOW, BOY, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE. LET'S GET CHIPPER, BOY, AND RED HELD UP THE GIRL'S SHOE FOR THE GOON.



ROVER STARTED RIGHT OFF, RIGHT INTO THE SWAMP. HE COULD FEEL THE URGENCY OF THE SITUATION.



THEY SEEMED TO BE STOPPED FOR A MOMENT AS THEY CAME TO A STREAM, BUT ROVER PLUNGED RIGHT IN —



TO PICK UP THE TRAIL AGAIN ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE. "AT'S THE BOY" CALLED RED, CLOSE BEHIND.



THE COUNTRY WAS THICK NOW AND RED HAD DIFFICULTY KEEPING UP WITH THE SCURRYING SPANIEL.



HIS PAUSE FOR A MINUTE TO CATCH HIS BREATH AND THEN SUDDENLY REALIZED HE HAD LOST ROVER !



RED HAD ONLY ONE CHOICE NOW. TO RETRACE HIS STEPS QUICKLY BEFORE HE BECAME LOST.



IT WAS A DEJECTED RED WHO RETURNED TO THE STEAMER AS NIGHT FELL FOR HE HAD LOST HIS DOG AND FAILED IN THE SEARCH.



"WHY SHUCKS, RED, YOU COULDN'T HELP THAT," SAID THE CAPTAIN, "THAT LITTLE DOG JUST WASN'T BUILT FOR THIS STUFF!"



MEANWHILE ROVER TROTTED ALONG. HE WASN'T SURE WHERE RED WAS, BUT HE KNEW HIS JOB WAS TO FOLLOW THAT SCENT!



AND SUDDENLY ANOTHER STREAM WITH A LONG ABANDONED LOG RAILROAD CROSSING IT. ROVER WAS ABOUT TO TURN BACK WHEN SUDDENLY HE HEARD A CALL.



HE'D KNOW THAT CALL ANYWHERE, AND WITH A SPLASH HE JUMPED IN FOR THE OPPOSITE SHORE.



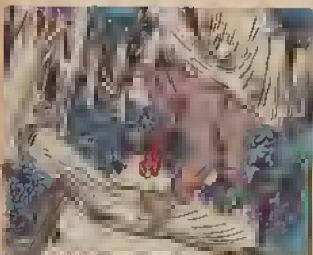
IT WAS CHIPPER! "OH, ROVER," CRIED THE LITTLE GIRL, "I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU. I'VE WENT MY OLD!"



"NOW GO GET THEM FROM THE STEAMER!" ROVER UNDERSTOOD AND TURNED AWAY.



HE HAD A LONG WAY BACK HE KNEW, AND A RAPIDLY VANISHING TRAIL, BUT HE KEPT HIS NOSE TO THE GROUND.



AND KEEPING HIS NOSE TO THE GROUND, HE FAILED TO SEE SOMETHING IN A TREE ABOVE, WATCHING HIM CLOSELY.



IT WAS A SWAMP PUMA OR COUGAR, INCHING ITS WAY OUT ON A BRANCH DIRECTLY OVER WHERE ROVER WOULD PASS.



THE HUNGRY ANIMAL MOVED VERY QUIETLY OUT AND THEN CROUCHED FOR HIS SPRING, HIS EYES FIXED ON ROVER.



THEN HE SPRANG — ! A FUR COVERED LIGHTNING BOLT, CLAWS OUT FOR THE KILL.



BUT FATE SAVED ROVER, IN THE FORM OF A DEAD TREE LIMB WHICH THE PUMA HIT TWISTING HIM SIDWAYS IN HIS LEAP.



BUT NOT WITHOUT RIPPING TWO LONG SLASHES DOWN THE SIDE OF THE STARTLED ROVER, ALREADY LEAPING AWAY.



YET EVEN AS ROVER SPED INTO THE PROTECTION OF THE THICK BUSHES HE NOTICED THE WAY THE CAT LIMPED BADLY, HE WAS SAFE!



ROVER WAS SAFE, BUT HOW SAFE WAS CHIPPER WITH A LIMPING PUMA IN THE VICINITY? HE BROKE INTO A MAD RUN FOR THE RIVER.



AND THERE AS HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE STEAMER, HE STARTED TO BARK, EVEN AS HE RAN.



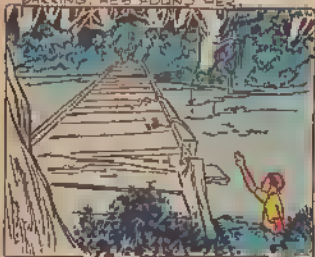
IT SEEMED LIKE HOURS TO ROVER AS HE STOOD ON THE BANK BEFORE ANYONE ANSWERED HIM.



THEN SUDDENLY OUT OF A  
LIGHTED DOGWAY CAME RED.  
"IT'S ROVER," HE CRIED. "AND I  
CAN TELL BY THE WAY HE'S  
BARKING, HE'S FOUND HER."



ROVER HARDLY STOOD STILL AS THEY  
BANDAGED HIS WOUNDS. HE WAS SO  
EAGER TO LEAD THEM BACK TO  
CHIPPER 'N HER DANGER.



THE NIGHT SEEMED TO LAST  
FOREVER AND THEN SUDDENLY  
ROVER LED THEM OUT ONTO THE  
OLD LOG RAILWAY AND TO CHIPPER.



WELL, THERE WASN'T MUCH TIME  
FOR CHEERING BEFORE THE  
HAPPY CAPTAIN LIFTED CHIPPER  
INTO HIS ARMS.




AND IT WAS A VERY HAPPY STEAMER  
GOING DOWN RIVER AGAIN ON ITS  
WAY TO NEW ORLEANS.




AND OF COURSE ROVER WAS ENJOYING  
BEING A HERO. "WELL, RED," SAID THE  
CAPTAIN, "I'LL GIVE YOU A FIRST  
KIND OF DOG I'LL BUY—BUT ANYTIME  
ROVER'S FOR SALE."

# *What's the purpose*




*What's the purpose of  
The porpoise  
As he frolics gay and free!*

*Could it be his  
only mission  
Is to decorate the sea?*



*And the whale in  
his magnificence  
Tell me what is his  
significance?*



*Never seeming much to care  
'Cept spouting water into the air.*



# *of the porpoise*

*And all the other  
fish around me  
also continue to  
astound me*



*Their odd shapes  
and what surprises  
is their most  
peculiar sizes.*

*Some ferocious although  
small  
I can't figure it at  
all.*



*So I think it's best for me  
To go on land and leave the sea.*





# GOOZY

GOOZY AND ME,  
PECAN THE PARROT,  
JUST SAW A SAFARI,  
HEADING THAT WAY

LET'S GO WATCH THE  
SAFARI—SAFARIS ARE  
GOOD FOR LOTS OF  
LAUGHS

THEY ALWAYS  
HAVE CIVILIANS  
FOR LEAD  
CHARACTERS

HEY, LOOK!  
JUST LIKE  
TOZZIN OF  
THE YAPES!



THAT'S THE LAST  
TIME I TRY TO BE  
A BIG SHOX

LOOKS LIKE  
YOU'VE GOT  
AN EDGER  
HEAD, MOO-MOO



GOLLY, MOO-MOO, NOBODY  
EVER SAW A TWO-HEADED  
MAN BEFORE!



BUT MOO-MOO ISN'T  
A MAN - HE'S A  
CHIMPANZEE,  
GOOZY.



BUT NOBODY EVER SAW  
A TWO-HEADED CHIMP  
EITHER - MAYBE WE  
COULD PROFIT  
FROM THIS!

THE  
SAFARI  
WOULD PAY  
A HIGH PRICE  
FOR YOU



THAT'S IT: PAINT  
THE FACE WITH  
THE JUICE CUSH

MMM...

PAINT EASY,  
GOOZY, THAT  
EXTRA HEAD  
IS TENDER



NOW LET'S  
GET THOSE  
HATS AND  
COATS WE HAD  
LEFT OVER FROM  
OUR MINSTREL  
SHOW



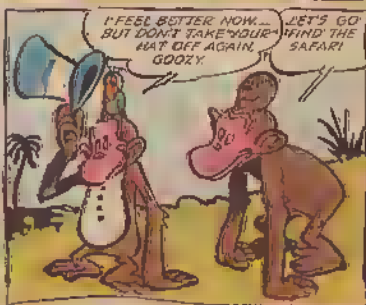
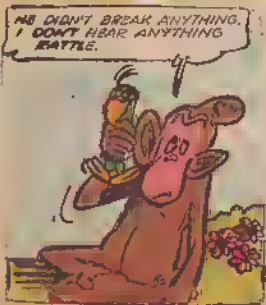
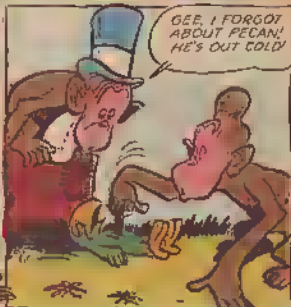
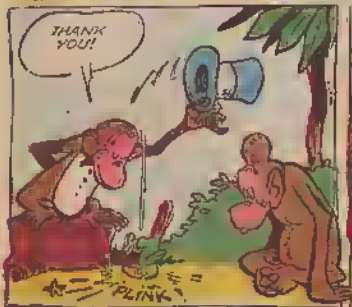
PECAN, YOU DO THE TALKING -  
CHIMPANZEEES CAN'T TALK TO  
MEN, BUT PARROTS CAN.

AND I'LL DRESS  
UP LIKE A MAN -  
PECAN CAN HIDE  
IN MY HAT



SURE! AND I'LL BARGAIN  
WITH THE MEN - THEY'LL  
THINK IT'S YOU  
TALKING!

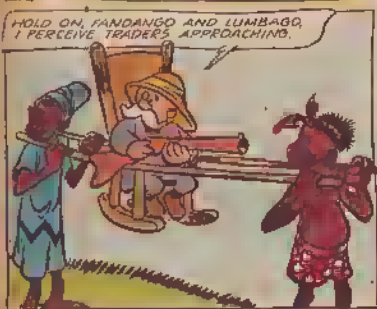




THERE'S THE SAFARI DEAD  
AHEAD... WE'LL GO RIGHT  
UP TO 'EM AND DO  
BUSINESS.



HOLD ON, FANDANGO AND LUMBAGO,  
I PERCEIVE TRADERS APPROACHING.

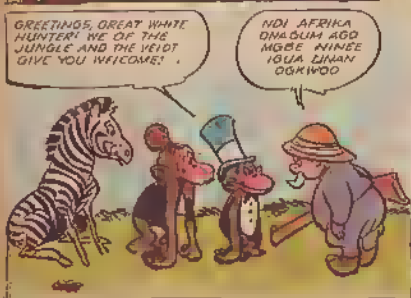


BLESS MY OLD  
HEART-BUT OO  
I SEE A TWO-  
HEADED CHIM-  
PANZEE THERE?



GREETINGS, GREAT WHITE  
HUNTER! WE OF THE  
JUNGLE AND THE VEIDT  
GIVE YOU WELCOME!

NOI AFRIKA  
DNAGUM AGO  
MGBE NINEE  
IGUA LINAN  
OGKIWOOD



WHAT'S THIS BRIGHT-EYED  
BILINGUAL TALKING ABOUT?



PERHAPS YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND THAI DIALECT  
I'LL TRY ANOTHER—MEH-BA  
TANG-ROONA NDEBA UG?



COME ON, ADMIRAL.  
CAN'T WE CONVERSE  
IN ENGLISH?



HOW DROLL! OF  
COURSE NOT! IT'S  
JUST NOT DONE...  
THAT'S HITTING BELOW  
THE BELT



HITTING BELOW  
THE BELT?...  
YOU BOYS  
HEAR ME?

HUH?

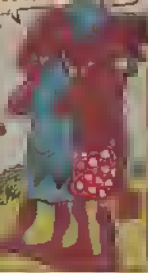
WHUT?



THAT'S A  
JOAKSON  
JACKSON!



YOOH DE SOLD WIT!  
MAZZY!



THAT'S ENOUGH CORN FOR  
ONE DAY— I'M GOING TO  
GET A JOB WITH A  
TRAVELING PET SHOP

YEOW!  
BLACK MAGIC!



RUN FO' DE HILLS - DAT'S  
BLUE AND PURPLE MAGIC -  
DE WUST KIND!

RED AND YALLER  
MAGIC - IT IS DE  
INSIDIOUS VARIETY!

AY WORD! THEY LEFT  
SO FAST THEY DROPPED  
SOME OF THEIR  
EQUIPMENT

RUN!



WE'LL BE A  
SAFARI!

SURE! WE'LL PUT  
THAT OTHER GUY  
RIGHT OUT OF  
BUSINESS!

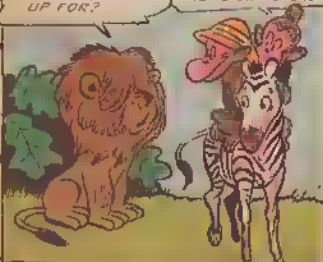


LET'S GO, 700-LOO... WAIT'LL  
FELCAN SEES US - HE'LL WISH  
HE STUCK AROUND



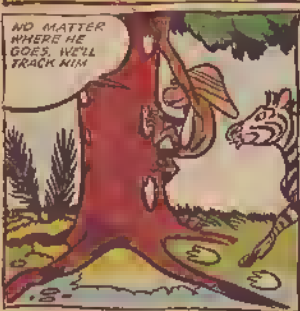
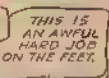
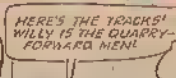
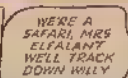
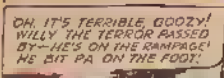
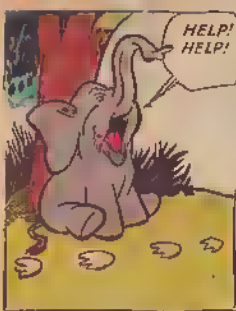
WHAT ARE YOU  
FOLKS ALL DRESSED  
UP FOR?

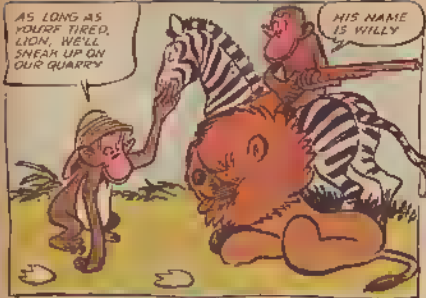
WE'RE ON A SAFARI -  
WE'RE EXPLORERS



I'LL GO WITH YOU -  
ALWAYS WANTED TO DO  
SOMETHING LIKE THIS





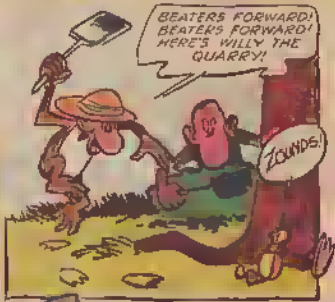
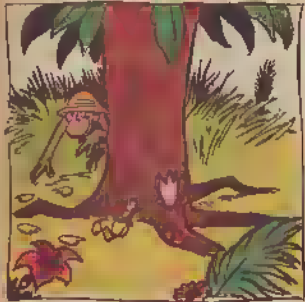


AS LONG AS  
YOU'RE TIRED,  
LION, WE'LL  
SNEAK UP ON  
OUR QUARRY

HIS NAME  
IS WILLY



I'LL WAIT HERE—WILLY  
THE QUARRY BETTER  
RUN BY IF HE WANTS  
TO SEE THIS PART OF  
THE  
SAFARI!



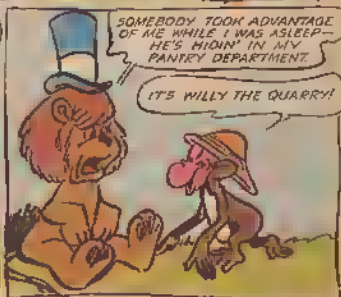
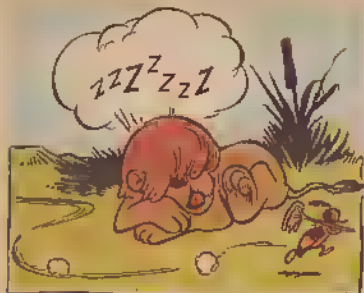
BEATERS FORWARD!  
BEATERS FORWARD!  
HERE'S WILLY THE  
QUARRY!

ZOUNDS!



YOU'LL NEVER  
CATCH WILLY  
THE QUARRY!





HEY, WILLY, COME  
OUT OF THERE!



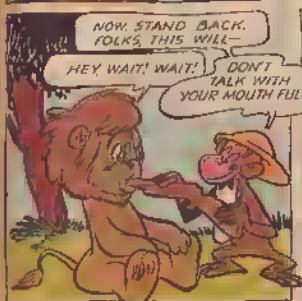
NEVER FEAR, WE'LL GET  
THAT WILLY OUT OF THERE—  
HAND ME THAT  
GUN, MOO MOD.



NOW, STAND BACK,  
FOLKS, THIS WILL—

HEY, WAIT! WAIT!

DON'T  
TALK WITH  
YOUR MOUTH FULL!



BUT—JUST TRY  
CHASIN HIM OUT  
WITH YOUR HAND!



HEE-HEE—THAT  
KIND OF  
TICKLES!



YEOWP!



HO, HO!  
WHAT A  
SAFARI!



YEH, LET'S GO OUT OF THE  
SAFARI BUSINESS, PECAN

I WAS NEVER  
IN IT—I WAS  
JUST IN THE  
LION.



# The MAGICIAN'S RABBIT



*I find that the theatre  
Is no longer any thrill*



*How trying is the public life!  
How taxing on me will I*



*Oh it seems that fame and fortune  
Have become an utter bore*



*The sound of people clapping  
Has become just a noisy roar*



*And yet to be an actor  
Has to me become a habit.*



*Am I a star? Oh no, not quite.  
I'm a Magician's Rabbit.*

## SNOW-NOSE THE PRAIRIE PUP

(Continued from inside front cover)

The sun climbed higher and higher in the hot desert sky, before Banja Eyes spotted a caravan of schooners making its way along an old Indian trail.

"I believe I'll just pop down there and see what I can see," he said to himself. "There is a man inside that last schooner. Perhaps he has seen something of Snow-nose." And Banja Eyes dropped down toward the caravan.

Just as he neared the last prairie schooner, he saw the man open a large packing case and then step back in surprise. For out of the case hopped a little figure. The very figure for which Banja Eyes had been searching.

"Hey, Snow-nose," called Banja Eyes. "Hey, wait a minute." But before the little pup had a chance to greet him a pack of dogs from the caravan had caught sight of him, and barking and yelping, they started to give chase. Snow-nose was stiff and cramped from being in the box for so long, and he could not run very quickly, but he darted this way and that, trying to evade his pursuers.

"Oh, dear, they are gaining on him!" cried Banja Eyes. "Snow-nose, run!" But closer and closer the dogs gained on the little prairie pup. Then Banja Eyes had a thought.

"Wail! Don't give up! I'm coming!" And he quickly lifted his huge wings and started after the dogs. In just a moment he had overtaken them, and swooping down, he caught Snow-nose by the tail and lifted him out of reach of the angry hounds.

"O-a-a!" quavered Snow-nose, as he watched the ground falling away below them. "O-o-a! Don't drop me, Banja Eyes. It's a long way down there." And he shut his eyes tightly and tried not to think of falling. And Banja Eyes took a firmer grip on the little pup's tail and turned toward home.

It was almost nightfall when they arrived at the colony where Mother and Father Dog were nervously pacing up and down in front of the mound.

What a relieving there was when they saw the owl and Snow-nose land in front of them. Mother Dog wrapped her arms around her wayward son and cried, "Oh, my baby, you are safe. Are you all right?"

Snow-nose grinned weakly and said, "Yes, Mother. All except my head. It made it hurt, hanging upside down like that. And I think most of my tail must be gone by now, from Banja Eyes' beak."

"Come with me, son, and I'll have you fixed up in a jiffy." And presently Snow-nose reappeared with an ice-bag tied about his head and his little tail wrapped up in a bandage, a big big bow nadding perkily on the end.

And, though all his friends were mighty happy to see him back safe and sound, they couldn't help laughing at the funny sight he made. And Snow-nose couldn't do a thing about it, for he knew he was to blame for getting himself into such a predicament.

"Perhaps now, young man, this will teach you not to be so snoopy," said his father, sternly.

"Yes, father, perhaps it will."

And perhaps it did, although I doubt it.

What do you think?



# UNCLE

# WIGGILY

